Clowne. That is done to ſir, onely couer is the word.

Loren. Will you couer than ſir?

Clowne. Not ſo ſir neither, I know my duty.

Loren. Yet more quarrelling with occaſion, wilt thou ſhewe the whole wealth of thy wit in an inſtant; I pray thee vnderſtand a plaine man in his plaine meaning: goe to thy fellowes, bid them couer the table, ſerue in the meate, and we will come in to dinner.

Clowne. For the table ſir, it ſhall be ſeru'd in, for the meate ſir, it ſhall be couerd, for your comming in to dinner ſir, why let it be as humors and conceites ſhall gouerne. *Exit Clowne.*

Loren. O deare diſcretion, how his words are ſuted,
The foole hath planted in his memorie
an Armie of good words, and I doe know
a many fooles that ſtand in better place,
garniſht like him, that for a trickſie word
defie the matter: how cherſt thou *Ieſſica*,
And now good ſweet ſay thy opinion,
How dooſt thou like the Lord *Baſſanios* wife?

Ieſſi. Paſt all expreſſing, it is very meete
the Lord *Baſſanio* liue an vpright life
For hauing ſuch a bleſſing in his Lady,
he findes the ioyes of heauen heere on earth,
And if on earth he doe not meane it, it
in reaſon he ſhould neuer come to heauen?
Why, if two Gods ſhould play ſome heauenly match,
and on the wager lay two earthly women,
And *Portia* one: there muſt be ſomthing elſe
paund with the other, for the poore rude world
hath not her fellow.

Loren. Euen ſuch a husband
haſt thou of me, as ſhe is for wife.

Ieſſi. Nay, but aske my opinion to of that?

Loren. I will anone, firſt let vs goe to dinner?

Ieſſi. Nay, let me praiſe you while I haue a ſtomack?

Loren. No pray thee, let it ſerue for table talke,
Then how ſo mere thou ſpeakſt mong other things,
I ſhall diſgeſt it?